

# THE POST.

WILL BE PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

At Lebanon, Ky., By  
W. W. JACK.

TERMS:—The Post will be furnished to subscribers at the following rates:

One year, in advance, \$2 00  
If paid within six months, 2 50  
At the end of the year, 3 00

## Poet's Corner.



### CONSOLATION.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

There are moments when the spirit  
Sinks, too faint for human aid;  
When all hopes we may inherit  
Are in dust and ashes laid.  
Voices dear to which we hearken,  
Info after silence fall;  
And the very sunshine, darkened,  
Streams more faintly on the wall.

Happy they who then can borrow  
Comfort from a higher life,  
And from some divinest sorrow  
Call a calmness to their strife;  
Who can hear a voice from Heaven,  
Building all their anguish free,  
"Since no earthly help is given,  
Heavy laden, lean on Me."

## Communicated.

For the Lebanon Post.

### TIME,

### SOME OF THE EFFECTS.

What wonderful changes in the lapse of time! Swift as the weaver's shuttle we glide down the stream of life, and are soon numbered among those who were.—Another generation, in quick succession, will fill our places; who, like us, will be busied for a while with life's cares and toils, and a few more evolutions of the wheel of time garner all in the tomb. Thus it is with man, and ever will continue to be, while seed-time and harvest remain.

My mind was lead to the above reflections, by noticing what a large number of old men, within a few years back, have died in, and immediately around the town of Lebanon, my native place. Men who filled up the measure of life as well, perhaps as we are likely to do, and though possessed with superior constitutions, are now hushed in the grave. Abell, McElroy, Forrest, nor Pope, is no longer seen mingling with the throng, in their solicitude for a seat in the State Legislature. Spalding, Jennings, Graham, Phillips, Mercer, Wright, Hughes, McElroy, Maxwell, Purdy, Young and Chandler, and a host of others, equally as deserving our continued remembrance, after having lived to a good old age have passed beyond the shores of time, and are no longer seen among us.

Not only are the effects of time visible in relation to our race, but upon all we see around us. The majestic marble monuments, intended to tell to coming generations, of departed worth, must crumble beneath his touch. The stately edifice, with foundations deep, whose dome appears to mingle with the clouds, and bid defiance to time, will silently though surely be but a mouldering ruin. The ocean rock, having breasted the billows for ages past, though but one stone be displaced, at a surge will be removed. But time has brought about many changes with us as a nation. But a few years ago we had no national existence but was subject to a foreign power. Great indeed has been the change since that period, our independence is everywhere now acknowledged and we occupy an eminent position among the nations of the earth. And great have been the changes in the lapse of time in our own beloved State. Separated from Virginia while yet the prowling savage infested our cane breaks, no State in the Union suffered so much from Indian hostilities, none more ready to repel the savage foe, and Kentucky's soil has often been moistened by the blood of her brave sons. The savages have been expelled; wholesome laws enacted; equal rights and privileges to all, and we now vie with many of the older States, in wealth, population and intelligence.

But what have been the changes in our own county and village? Improvement in agriculture is noticed everywhere; our soil is fertile, and our course is onward. Tho' not the largest in the sisterhood of counties, yet not the least in population or intelligence. We have several male and female institutions of learning, and an increasing interest in the cause of education. Turnpike roads have been erected the past year, giving us easy access to our places of trade. This, we think is as it should be; and time, in its ceaseless roll, will soon bring the period—whether we will or will not—when the snorting of the Steam Horse will be heard, as he spans our county in his swift race for the South.—Our County Seat Lebanon is improving.

A few years ago, a solitary horse-mill and a good spring marked the spot, where since has sprung up this pleasant village. Time has brought about many changes and improvements, and although, as I said in the outset, very many of the older inhabitants of the town and vicinity are gone, there are located here 7 or 800 inhabitants, enterprising and industrious; engaged in the various avocations of life. Lawyers, Physicians, Merchants, Tradesmen, Grocers, Mechanics, &c., striving in a laudable manner for a livelihood. There are also three churches, all handsome brick buildings, pointing their tall spires to the skies. A neat substantial Court-house, with the other necessary buildings for governmental purposes. Two institutions of learning, in a prosperous condition.

# THE LEBANON POST.

THE PRESS—THE SHIELD OF THE UNION—THE DEFENDER OF EQUAL RIGHTS.

VOL. 1.

LEBANON, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1852.

NO. 5.

The site of the old horse-mill has been filled by an elegant mansion of one of our merchants. A printing office has lately been established here, and bids fair to be useful in promoting the intelligence and interest of the county.

Lastly, "Time is money," and least I draw too heavily upon yours, and misspend my own, I close, by subscribing myself, A PERMANENT CITIZEN.

PLEASANT HILL, Marion County Ky., May 13th, 1852.

For the Post.

MR. EDITOR:—Your last paper created some excitement among the young people of our town. Sometime before it made its appearance, you could hear them inquiring, "do we get the Post to-day?" "When do we get it?" &c. When it did come, what a rush; every one eager to see it first. After reading its contents; some declared it very interesting; while others were thrusting it into the faces of their friends, with a very quizzical look, saying at the same time, "Old fellow I see your marks here." At one place in particular, I noticed five or six young birds looking over the Post, reading the different articles from your various correspondents; all agreeing upon two very important facts, namely: that it was a thundering good number, and further that they knew the author of this and that article.

Now, Mr. Editor, there was one piece in your paper, I noticed, seemed to cut the feathers of all the young birds of our little town; I allude to the communication from Eliza Jane. I take a little of that to myself for I am one of the boys, and rather an old one at that. It fit me pretty well, for I sometimes take my stand in front of a church door; for the purpose of feasting my eyes upon the fair sex, believing that they go to church dressed in their best store clothes, so that they may appear nice in the eyes of the boys.—Very few of them go for anything else. Why, sir, if they go to church and see none of the boys looking at them, I'll bet a cut nine-pence that they are sadly disappointed, and do not get over it for a week. Mr. Editor, I am a church-going member, myself, being remarkably fond of the ladies. I have often watched them at church, and have heard them talk afterwards about who and what they saw. When you go to church again, notice them if you please, and you will see that as soon as a person enters the door, they place their eyes upon them, and never take their eyes off until they know how they are dressed, and all about them; if a man, with long boots and trousers over them, I'll wager a guinea they can tell whether his socks have holes in them or not; when they go home they have plenty to say about this ones bonnet and that ones shawl, &c.

We are taught to look upon and to love the beautiful; so if we do stand at the church door and gaze at the ladies, (the most beautiful animals God ever manufactured,) are we not living up to a portion of the lesson taught us? The ladies are trying to take such a high stand, that I begin to think it's no use holding to that *bifurcous garment*, vulgarly called pantaloons, any longer. They are making big licks to place themselves upon an equality with man. I do not think they would look well with trousers on. An old saying is that "fine feathers make fine birds," but I'll be chawed if that rule will work in this case. Dressing a woman in men's clothes will not pass her off for a man; if it should, the tongue will betray the *"rude critter."*

Now, Mr. Editor, hoping that your paper may continue to please, and that you may be successful in making the dimes, and further, with the firm resolve never to stand at a church door to see the elephant, I remain your friend,

SPECULATOR.

## Select Tales.

### LOST AND WON;

OR, THE BELLE OF BOSTON.

BY EDWARD J. HANDBOE.

### CHAPTER I.

"You are reading, Louise, I suppose?"  
"Now, that is a very clever supposition, certainly. You see me with a book in my hand; you suppose I'm reading. What else could you suppose, cousin?"  
"We sometimes hold the book, unconscious of the pages; as we sometimes sit, unconscious of the presence of those by whom we are surrounded."

"True, what we take no interest in we seldom think much of."

"By such rule I might be in your presence and you unconscious."

"Ay, that you might."

"Indeed?"

"Indeed! Ha, ha, ha! Why that strange look? Do you think yourself so handsome, or so full of grace, that I must have you ever in my thoughts? What vanity!"

"Vanity, Louise, I am bound to say, is my last foible. I hold that vanity in man is not to be pardoned or excused."

"How in woman?"

"We test not woman so strictly; vanity in her is scarcely vanity."

"What a paradox!"

"Woman is a paradox."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, indeed! forced by education, tho' to be so; schooled in restraint, her thro'ts, her feelings even as a girl, are bent upon the world; her own heart is the sanctuary in after life even of that love she pines to own, another may be dying but to know; but where known, he loves her more for the suffering she had caused, for he feels that she is master of herself—the greatest mastery achieved on earth."

"Master of herself—she may be his master too."

"Woman, however she may conceal her power, is ever so; for by submission, and by complaisant kindness—that ever winning grace, by which woman rules instead of serves—she may win the roughest temper and the rudest mind to follow and to worship."

"Oh! really, cousin! but when I rule, it will be by right. I shall steal no march under false colors, upon the heart of lordly man, believe me."

"Then you do not love!"

"Whom should I love? you?"

"Me! I-I-I never said so."

"There, now—don't let us talk over such nonsense any more. You understand debitor and creditor better than Cupid and Hymen, depend upon it. Go to your desk."

"You wish my absence?"

"I don't desire your presence."

"Then, Louise, you shall no longer be troubled with it."

"Well?"

"I—I have not, I hope, offended."

"No—no, Mr. Sanctity."

"Will you give me your hand in assurance?"

"Don't be silly. You are quite teasing I declare."

"I'll be so no longer." And, bowing politely, he left the apartment.

Louise Clermont was a charming girl of eighteen. Her father, a man who had fought his way through the world until he attained the proud position which he now occupied, was a Frenchman by birth, but an American in principle and feeling. In early life he had been left an orphan, with nothing but energy and hope to raise him. It was during this period that he formed a deep and lasting friendship for Sidney Smith, a cousin on the mother's side, and in company with whom he emigrated to the United States.

They married, and Heaven gave Sidney a son, whom he called Joseph—and Clermont a daughter. A few years after both of little Joseph's parents were called to their last home, and he became the inmate of Mr. Clermont's house. The affection which that gentleman had evinced for the father, was now prodigally bestowed upon the son. He grew up to be a man and having entered his benefactor's counting-room at an early age, made rapid progress in his profession, until at length, just at the time our story opens, he had been installed as a junior partner.

The conversation, which we gave at the opening, took place in a parlor of the fine stately old mansion, during a pleasant morning in autumn. Louise was seated on a low ottoman, her profile thrown into full relief by the back-ground—being a curtain of heavy crimson velvet, that fell in well defined folds from a golden arrow in the centre of the architrave, while summer drapery of white muslin shaded the other side; her features hardly defined, yet exhibiting the tracery of great beauty, and the rich contour of her well-formed and slightly voluptuous figure.

"Ha! ha! ha!" she laughed merrily, in her sweetly melodious voice; "so I have got rid of him at last. He talks of love, with his business face and his plain, careless habit! Ridiculous! he has no life, fire, or boldness for a lover. I like him very well as my cousin, with a pen stuck behind his ear, and seated at his desk. I know my father and he, too, expects me to become his wife, and I shall love—as if love were entered and booked per order. Not with me, I can tell them! What is love, without romance, danger and difficulty—without prayers, tears and entreaties?—That's love me; a lover my father scorns and I adore, who has not a penny in his purse—that's the man for me. But to marry cousin Joseph Smith! Make love by rule of three; father, daughter, lover; have the settlement drawn out like a bill of exchange; marry, and ever after settle down into quiet Mrs. Smith. What a name!"

"Smith!—Mrs. Smith! Were it Danforth, Craven, Loring, Fitzherbert, or any thing else but Smith! No, no. My cousin certainly has good eyes—if he knew how to use them; fine teeth—if he knew how to show them; and his hair is good—but the style—oh, horror! I will not bear it—I am resolved! I'll not wed my cousin. No, never, never."

At that moment her soliloquy was broken in upon by the gradual opening of the door; and immediately after Joseph reappeared, a strong emotion visible upon his usually placid and resigned features. The cause of his agitation was this: Mr. Clermont had urged him to speak boldly to Louise, to entreat her hand, and he had promised to do so—had even sought her for that purpose. But there was something in his breast—it was not pride, it was not fear. Yet he paused upon the act, and why? Because he felt that, should rejection come, it must tear him hence.

Situated as he then was—uncertain of his fate—he could linger near her till life's end—but rejected, he must quit all or die. It had grown with him from childhood—that earnest, holy affection; to watch her varying temper was to him a joy; to tender her lightest wish, his happiness. As time fulfilled its promise in her growing form, so stronger grew his love; but in her there seemed a cold reserve—a freezing check to all his kindness, that struck with the chill of death upon each fibre of his sensitive heart.

"My dear Louise!" he said, advancing timidly towards her.

"Here again!" she ejaculated, with an impatience she did not seem to conceal.

There was a pause.

"Well, Joseph?"

"I'll be this dolt no longer!" soliloquized the young man, mentally. I'll brave all, and know the worst. Louise!" he added aloud.

"Well, what is it?"

"I-I-I—" but he was too confused to proceed; and stopped suddenly, his face covered with blushes.

"Silly fool!" thought Louise. "I'll speak my feelings at once and end this. Cousin," she commenced, in a low determined voice; "you know that Charles Gordon, the other day, made me an offer of his hand, and that I refused him, through my father?"

"I do, cousin," replied Joseph.

"Shall I tell you why?"

"Yes, if you please."

"Because I see no charm in marriage—because I do not feel that I can ever love sufficiently to confer happiness on any one."

At these words Joseph started, with emotion visible upon every feature of his face.

"Oh, Louise, say not so," he cried.

"I say so—feel so—cousin!" she replied. "My choice, if my heart would lead me to it, would be willing to fulfil my father's wishes, and (you willing) to become his wife—but that can never be."

"Never, Louise," murmured Joseph, scarce able to utter the words. "Then, had I from infancy till now, looked on you with love—if, as time brought manhood, that love had swelled to adoration—that I had hoped to win you; to bind myself nearer to you—to your father; to become indeed his son; that hope—that passion"—

"Would be utterly hopeless—vain," she answered, and Joseph with a groan of anguish hid his face in his hands.

"If such has been your hope," continued Louise, "dismiss it from your heart; your mind. I can look for no other happiness than in the affection I bear my father, and a sisterly regard for you. If you have, then, treasured other thoughts, discard them, Joseph, and, as a sister only, take my hand."

During this speech, the young man had succeeded in conquering his emotion, and now he advanced, took her hand and kissed it, and hurried from the room.

"'Tis over," cried Louise, as the door closed behind her cousin; "he's gone—the truth is told! I have triumphed, and am now free!"

### CHAPTER II.

Three years had elapsed. The coldly proud Louise was seated in the same parlor in which she had rejected the heart-offering made by the noble minded Joseph, but her appearance was much changed—so, alas was her heart. She held an unopened letter in her hand, while her mind was wafted insensibly to events of the past—that mystic land of dreams, grim and shadowy perhaps, but none the less beloved on that account. Soft words, breathing sorrow, fell from her lips.

"Three years since, Joseph left to superintend our foreign house in Havre.—Three years! I thought myself then free—free as the bird that skims the air in its wild and happy flight—free to fix my choice, if the object came, without the restraint or control; and suitors have come—have offered for my hand, yet all have I rejected—and why? Because my beau ideal of a lover was but a dream! I looked for outward grace, and not for inward worth—that solid base on which our choice should fix. Charles Gordon! a fashion's fool. Strange! Since cousin Joseph left us, without to me even an adieu, he has been ever with me; as each week, month, year, has passed, he has come nearer to my fancy's image. Time has told its tale upon my heart, thoughts and feelings; and I, who drove him hence, would give the world to draw him back to me—but pride said no. In my dreams he is with me, in my waking hours ever to my mind. Remembrance of the pains I caused him strikes the cords of self-reproach; till I am unfit for converse or society."

She awoke with a start from her waking dream, and proceeded to open the letter. It was from her cousin Joseph; and as she continued to read, her face became flushed with emotion, and then turned deathly pale.

Joseph had succeeded in forgetting her; so said the letter—and was about to return, with the intention of wooing an American lady for his bride.

"The blow has come," murmured Louise in a heart-broken voice: "the blow I merit and have courted, for it fulfills my wish.—Oh! I am well repaid for all my cruelty to one who loved me—whom I love; my petted childhood, his constant worship, took

reason from me—knowledge of myself—even this has come from his desire for my happiness; but the shaft I dealt with cruel aim on him, has returned upon myself.

"But I must not feel thus. I'll have some pride, some firmness. Did he not leave me, coldly leave me, without a word? He did not even press me, as woman should be—expects. No in spite of him and all, I will be gay."

But how changed were her feelings when a few days after, she beheld the companion of her youth; no longer the dull cousin of former times, but a dashing young man of fashionable appearance and distinguished manners. And how she sighed; in noticing the careless ease evinced in her society; 'twas then she learned that love is a tyrant—not a slave; a master—not a menial. It is the magic power whose enchantment can cast chains around the hearts of princes, potentates and nobles—whose influence is universally felt, and seldom dared—and whose entrance into the human heart is as often effected by degrees as with precipitation. Love tames the pride of the warrior, makes the mighty monarch bow the knee, and visit the lordly palace or the humble cottage; at will bolts, bars, walls, and ramparts, may keep at bay every thing but love.

"And this is his triumph!" she ejaculated, on gaining the silence of her own apartment; this is his manly triumph! He is another's—and I—oh! how lone I feel! My father was right. I shall see him leave me in the world alone—lone in heart. And for whom? My cousin Joseph—for I cannot deny it to myself—I love him; I scarce dare look upon him, while his manly eye was fixed and firm. Oh! how I longed for the love glances which even in his boyhood he lavished on me. I could have borne all, but the confession that he was another's—that I was nothing to him—his sister—oh! yes, sister—fine term, truly! and I must see him marry—present his bride to me! never! never!"

There was a soft footfall upon the stairs, and on looking up, Louise beheld her cousin, gazing with a curious expression upon her.

There was a moment's pause, and then Louise said, in a voice of assumed kindness:

"So you are about to wed, and, for that purpose visit here."

"True," returned Joseph; "could I celebrate so happy an event on any other spot, Louise—and without the presence of my earliest friends—my father and my sister—"

"And is that your only purpose, Joseph?" she inquired with emotion.

"Yes, my only purpose."

"Strange—very strange!"

"Not so," interrupted Joseph, gently; "my first remembrance is here."

Your father, my protector; you, my playmate; and, as time shadowed forth my all-coming hope, you were the ministers through whom I was to receive fortune, content and love; and when, as in a dream, (time flew so rapidly on,) I stepped from boy to a man, the feelings strengthened; day by day I saw you pass from girl's to woman's statue, loveliness—your pardon, for I flatter not, I saw no speck upon its radiance. I love you—pardon me still, if the tear start to my eye, and recollection choke my utterance. I perceived a growing check to my every kind attention. Oh! the watchful, waking hours that hung upon my pillow! I strove to please, but as each kind word fell tremulously from my quivering lips, it was met by railery and contempt from yours. At last came the day I was to hear from the being I had worshipped, that, if I had nurtured in my heart one hope that she could ever be mine I was to cast that feeling from me."

"And you did so, Joseph, without entreaty, or—"

"Oh! what entreaty could equal the devotion that from boy to man I lavished upon you, Louise! I could not entreat—your words iced my heart, freezing my every vein; I could not ask that I knew must be refused. I loved you too well—with too much honor to beg your hand, not coupled with your heart. Your happiness, not your misery, was my aim; and rather than inflict one pang on you or yours, I fled home, which else to me was Heaven."

"You did," cried Louise, "upon the instant—without leave-taking—or word—"

"Joseph shook his head sadly, as he replied:

"There are moments, cousin, when the bravest man is palled; but be he man, he calls his manhood to his aid, and looks again towards hope; and so with me—wrecked in the love I bore you, I hoped, I struggled, I conquered. 'Twas your wish I should discard you from my thoughts—regard you only as a sister,—sister—I have done so!"

"'Tis well; 'tis bravely done! 'Tis kind—very kind, and I must thank you."

She arose as she spoke, and entered the adjoining room. There the mask was torn off, and she gave way to her wild wrought feelings. Oh, the deep agony of that tortured soul—the fearful strife that struck place within that heart, as she bitterly thought over the past,

"And must I see her," she cried; "look upon her—never! No! I hear his foot fall in the distance; each step bearing him from me to her. There is no hope for me now. He can never—never be mine! Oh, Joseph, time has indeed worked your cure—"

## Terms of Advertising.

For 12 lines or less, 1st insertion, - - - 75c  
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For half column 6 months, - - - \$14  
" " " 12 months, - - - 18  
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my misery! You loved me, and I rejected you; and now, when my heart yearns towards you—when I love—adore you—I am as nothing to you."

"Not so, Louise," said a low, musical voice.

"Ha!" she cried, starting up, her fair face suffused with crimson, "you here?"

"Here to bring you happiness, I trust, and if so, joy enfold to me," replied Joseph. "I have played the listener, (pardon the act,) but, can speak my wild delight to hear your lips confess you love me?—Louise, will you be mine?"

"Yours! Can that be?"

"It can."

"Your wife?"

"Is here—you, Louise—the other but in fancy—the better to fortify me in my visit here. I thought I had conquered.—'Twas but again to look upon you—again to love you. And, hearing others had been cast aside, I dared to hope, though late, a fond return. Say am I blessed?"

What answer Louise made, the writer of this veritable narrative is not prepared to say; one thing, however, is certain, namely, that a month afterwards, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Smith started on a bridal tour to the continent.

## EQUALITY.

AN EASTERN TALE.

One day the pacha said to the sultan, "All men are equal before the Prophet.—Why, then, have you a throne, while I have only a divan?—an empire, while I have but a province?" "It may be that you are right," replied the sultan. To-morrow you shall have my throne and empire provided you can find the means of truly rendering all men equal."

The pacha withdrew, enchanted at his good fortune, and immediately caused equality to be proclaimed among all the children of Mahomet. But at his door he encountered a vizier, who said to him,—"Why, then, do you possess a province, when I have but a town?—a turban, ornamented with precious stones, when I have only a turban of tinsel?" "To-morrow," replied the pacha, "you shall possess my province and precious stones."

And the vizier was rejoicing, when a captain said to him, "Why, then, have you an army, while I command but a company?—and why is your turban ornamented with tinsel, and mine but with silk?" "To-morrow," replied the vizier, "you shall have my army and tinsel turban."

But a lieutenant said to the captain, "In the name of equality, I must have your command and decorations." And the soldier said to the lieutenant, "I must have your rank and pay." And the foot-soldier said to the horseman, "Give me your horse and sabre, and take my musket, which is heavy to carry." And each in turn replied, "You shall have them to-morrow," for each wished to elevate himself to the grade of his superior, without reflecting that he left an inferior behind him.

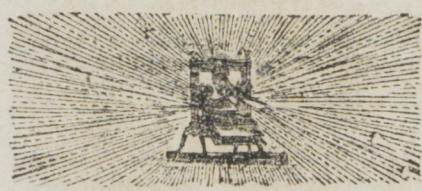
But as all had still a superior above them, and as no one would remain in the grade of subaltern, they unceasingly desired to rise in rank, in the name of equality. In this way a horrible civil war broke out; and, unable to come to an understanding, they destroyed each other, from one extremity of the empire to the other, the vanquishers disputing among themselves the spoils of the vanquished, and equality always reappearing after each displacement. Those who survived were more furious and more miserable than had been those that had perished; when a poor slave who had held fast by his condition, without envying that of others, thus addressed the dethroned sultans, despoiled pachas, viziers without command, captains wanting companies, dismounted horsemen, and soldiers deprived of arms:—

"Each of you thought himself happier than I am in point of fortune, and now I am happier than all of you. Would you know why? Because there is a Prophet, greater than your Prophet, who thus speaks in his book—"The cedar protects the top of the hyssop, and the hyssop nourishes the root of the cedar." They therefore stand equally in need of each other, and in that consists true equality. There will ever be poor among you, for the happiness of mankind is not of this world. Happy are those who weep here below; they will meet consolation above. Unhappy are those who take from, instead of giving to their fellow mortals; for it is more easy for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a bad rich man to enter the kingdom of Heaven. And the Prophet is my Divinity," added the slave, devoutly crossing his arms on his breast, and inclining his head humbly.

SHE WOULD AND SHE WOULDN'T.—A woman, intent on suicide, in consequence of some hard words from her worse half, jumped from one of the piers into the lake, on Sunday afternoon. She was drawn out, much against her will, by some bystanders, and after being safely landed, broke away from her rescuers and again plunged into the lake. This time they concluded to let her "try it on" awhile, and so stood aloof. Whereupon, like a true daughter of Eve, being unopposed, she abandoned her purpose of self-destruction, and came ashore of her own accord.—



# THE POST,



LEBANON, KY.,

Wednesday Morning, June 2, 1852.

We are authorized to announce **GEO. W. GOODRUM** as a candidate for Sheriff of Marion County; and if elected, **MOSES OVERSTREET** is to be his deputy.

## A market House.

We spoke in our last issue, of the impossibility of getting along without a market house with anything like comfort or convenience. We also touched lightly upon the practicability of the project, together with a plan or two by which this very desirable end might be accomplished. We will now give another. Why cannot some one take up a subscription, and in that way, raise as much as there can be raised, then have a grand Fair to raise as much more as possible. The 4th of July is fast approaching, and the young people would like something of the kind on that day, to enliven them up, and prevent them from spending their loose pocket money in a more useless manner. Will not the Ladies, both young and old, assist us? We are certain they will, and be rejoiced at having the opportunity of once more showing their zeal for the advancement of our beautiful little town. You will do it, will you not ladies? Let it be gotten under way immediately. There is a month intervening before the 4th; which is ample time to get up a splendid affair.

The reasons why we urge the market house to be built by private subscription, &c., are these:—the town has already gone to large outlay upon the streets and other improvements, it is presumable the funds are rather low. And, furthermore we intend to cry Fire! Fire! at them until we make them believe that the town is burning up. You ask, 'what will that be for?' Why, to make them buy us a good fire engine, and build cisterns; so that our houses may not burn over our heads, and no means of extinguishing it. But more on that subject anon, we will have to wait until about a half dozen houses burn down, together with their contents and perhaps a few women and children, before a right spirit could be raised. We mean no disrespect, whatever, to the Trustees, but it is really the fault of Kentuckians, to be too fearless and careless of danger; they only prepare to manfully combat a casualty when it is present.

We heard a man the other day, asking what benefit there was in having a market house. Now, this question must have been asked without reflection; for there are such a number and variety of benefits arising from having a market house in a town, that it is only necessary to enumerate a few of them, and the rest will occur at once to the reader's mind.

In the first place the house-keeper can procure anything he wishes, and in the second, the farmer meets with sale for whatever he brings to town. Is this not beneficial to both farmer and townsman? The farmer can come to market and receive the cash for his produce and return home in time to do a good day's work. Farmers, we ask you: would this not be a benefit to you? We have stated in our last, that by having a market house, the townsman could, by rising a little early, procure beef, bacon, lard, butter, eggs, chickens, turkeys, meal, potatoes, game, vegetables of all kinds in season, &c., &c., and return to his business of the day without further trouble. Can any one say that numerous benefits would not arise from it? House-keeper, look on the present state of things, and say whether you prefer them and empty cupboards, or a market house and everything you can desire? Reader, we wish you would dream once of passing through a market house in Lebanon, and of seeing all these articles lying there, we think you would awake "a wiser and a better man." Now let us determine to have a market house and the battle is already won.

We would respectfully request all those who have our prospectuses with any names on them, to send them in as soon as they can; for the longer this is delayed the more confusion it will make in our books.

We are informed that several citizens of the county have gone to Louisville in order to negotiate for the running of a railroad from this place, direct to the city. On their return we will endeavor to procure and lay before our readers what success they may have.

## To Correspondents.

"A PERMANENT CITIZEN" will be acceptable to our columns at all times. We hope to hear often from "JIMMY." "ELIZA JANE" will have to get after "SPECTATOR" with a broom-stick. We omitted the most important rule to correspondents, which is this: 5. We must always be made acquainted with the author's name before an article can appear in our columns.

We heard a tough yarn about some radishes the other day, that took our breath. We will give the dimensions, and see if our readers can swallow the—radish. Some radishes had been left in the ground, and about Christmas there being a thaw, they were dug up. They were found to be frozen six inches below the surface, and consequently of no value. Upon digging below, they were found to be perfectly sound; and six inches of good, sweet radish was drawn out. There was one gentleman present who told of a sweet potato, which measured three and a half feet in length; and another one of a beet as thick round as a person's body; but every one present knew they were joking, and not much astonishment was evinced.

We have published on our fourth page the petition to be sent to the Post Master General. This is a thing of vital importance to the people of this section. The Turnpike to Perryville being nearly, if not entirely finished, it is nothing more than proper that Uncle Sam should make use of it. We hope to see the name of every voter in the county enrolled upon the petition. This is a subject upon which all must agree; there being no earthly reason for being against it. Every one should put his name to the petition, as soon as possible. The petitions may be found at almost all the stores in town.

There is a man in this county who boasts of having twenty-three uncles and six aunts. We take this to be right hard to beat. "Who disputes it?"

We are gratified to be able to state that our subscription list is still on the gradual increase. We are not, however, yet out of danger. Our friends must not cease their labors in our behalf, but still urge every reading man of this community to subscribe for their own county paper. Do some glorious work for us on next Monday.

Next Monday will be County Court day. On account of Circuit Court commencing its Chancery Term, on the same day, we presume its setting will be short. Therefore, all those having business before the County Court would do well to be in attendance at as early an hour as possible.

**TIMES OF MEETING.**—The Democratic National Convention met yesterday at Baltimore.

The Whig National Convention will meet at Baltimore, on the 16th inst.

The Nativist National Convention will assemble at Trenton on the 4th of July.

The Free-soil National convention will assemble at Cleveland on the 4th of August.

The Liberty Party National Convention will meet at Buffalo, on the 1st of September.

**NATIONAL AGRICULTURAL CONVENTION.**—The Presidents of the Boards of Agriculture and State Agricultural Societies of the States of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New York, Ohio, Indiana, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Rhode Island have called a National Agricultural Convention, to meet at Washington on the 24th of June next. The officers of prominent Southern Agricultural Associations join in the movement.

**MEAGHER THE PATRIOT ESCAPED.**—Thos. Meagher the "Irish Patriot," who had been transported to Van Diemen's Land, by the British Government, and made his escape, has arrived safe in New York. This news will cause the hearts of thousands of Irishmen in this country to beat with joy.

We have been wondering, for some time, if Louisville papers could not come through some other channel to this place; than around by Nashville. Can the Post Master at Bardstown inform us. You will be forced to discharge some of your numerous deputies, friend Powell.

We are gratified to find that the severe frosts of the past winter have not entirely destroyed the prospects of fine bouquets. We received the very acceptable present of a superb one from Mrs. S. on last Sunday, for which she will receive our warmest thanks.

A failure of the mails on last Monday, will account for any deficiency which may be found in our news department. We see, however, nothing of interest in the papers which we borrowed on Tuesday.

We have received the March and April number of the *Blackwoods Magazine*. They are both good numbers, and can be seen at the tables of our reading room.

A large iron foundry is to be erected in Covington for the purpose of making castings for the Covington and Lexington railroad.

Some eminent physician has decided that twenty-one for females and twenty-eight for males are proper ages for early marriage.

Two runaway couples from Campbellsburg, Ky., were married at the Dennison House, Cincinnati, on Thursday last.

Judge B. G. Baldwin, of Virginia, died on Thursday last.

There was a procession of ten thousand Protestant Sunday School scholars, in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Monday afternoon of last week.

The office of Sheriff for New York city and county, is said to yield an income to Mr. Canley, the occupant, of nearly \$100,000 per annum.

The Journal says that Mr. N. P. Willis designs spending one or two weeks in Kentucky; during which time he will visit the Mammoth Cave, Lexington, Frankfort, and other towns in the interior of the State.

The Newport News intimates that there has been road tax enough paid and pocketed by the collectors in Campbell county, Ky., to make a free turnpike, well macadamized through to the Pendleton line.

The "boys" have been after us to say something about a little scuffle which came off in the court house last week; but we won't do it. We won't.

There is an artesian well at a cotton factory in Dallas county, Alabama, which is 710 feet 10 inches in depth, and which discharges 500 gallons of water per minute.

Mrs. Davis, an eminent lecturer on Psychology, has reached Louisville and will form a class of ladies for a course of lectures. She brings to us the highest testimonials from many ladies in Indianapolis and elsewhere.—*Lou. Dem.*

The Paris correspondent of the Journal of Commerce gives the substance of a long essay in the Journal des Debats on the necessary expansion of British enterprise and American power. England must annex China sooner or later. She must become mistress of the extreme East. America will meet her, and fraternize, having swallowed many islands, Japan included. All the means employed in conquest will be excused by the mighty results—the propagation of Christianity, and the triumph of what is called civilization.—*Exchange.*

Twenty-seven Catholic Priests and twelve Nuns, destined for religious institutions in Missouri and Texas, arrived at New Orleans on the 13th ult., in the French ship Belle Assize, from Havre.

The project is entertained in New Orleans of erecting a monument at some point on Canal street, which shall be designed to perpetuate the memory of the Compromise Measures.

Calomel is said to be an infallible remedy for the bite of a mad dog. Cleans the wound as soon as possible with soft water and castile soap, then apply a plaster of mercurial ointment.

Several lumps of gold were discovered in a ravine in the village of Mineral Fort, Wis., on Saturday, the 1st inst., worth from \$2 to \$4. On the Monday following half the town turned out to search for the "hidden treasure," and in a short time found a "lead," containing gold, silver and diamonds, and before noon \$200 worth of these precious metals were taken from the earth.—*Lou. Journal.*

Don't believe a word of it, do you?

**SERIOUS AFFRAY AT FRANKFORT.**—We learned from a passenger on the cars last Saturday from Frankfort, that a serious affray took place in that city on Saturday morning about 8 o'clock. It seems that a difficulty had arisen between Mr. Jephtha Montgomery, and Mr. G. W. Walston, in regard to some work which the latter had done for the former. After some words, and perhaps blows, the parties were separated for an instant when Mr. Walston threw a bar of iron at Mr. Montgomery which knocked his hat off. Picking up his hat, Mr. M. advanced upon Mr. W., when the latter drew a pistol and fired at him the ball entering about the pit of the stomach and lodging in or near the back bone. It was the opinion of the physicians, when our informant left that Mr. Montgomery could not possibly recover. Mr. Walston was held to bail.

Mrs. CLAY.—John W. Forney, Esq., formerly editor of the *Pennsylvanian*, and at present Clerk of the House of Representatives at Washington, in a recent letter makes the following allusion to the aged wife of the Hon. Henry Clay:

Do you know that Mrs. Henry Clay has never visited Washington? Her domestic charter seems to have been formed by the quiet shades of Ashland; and though her

woman's heart beat high when she saw the "young Harry with his beaver on," in the midst of the greatest events that have made his name immortal, yet by her the blessings of home and fireside were to be preferred. Now that the statesman is wasting away, her presence would doubtless alleviate his sufferings and prepare him for his final reckoning. But now she is too old to come. She could not bear the toilsome journey from Lexington, and she remains, as it were, a watcher for the fatal news. A few days ago she sent him a bouquet of flowers; but when they reached here they were faded—a melancholy evidence that both giver and receiver were fast hastening to that bourne whence no traveler returns. The old man eloquent held it to his lips for a few seconds, and said, with mournful pathos, "the perfume is almost gone!" But not so with his fame. That will live forever green in the memory of man. Physical frame will decay, but his great history will never be forgotten. Of him and his place, in the regard of men in the dim future, it may well be said: "You may break, you may ruin, the vase if you will, But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

**A BELLIGERENT PIC-NIC.**—A picnic party of both sexes, went forth to seek a day's gratification last Monday, returned, we understand, in a very different mood and manner from which they set out.—Some of the gentlemen (?) so far forgot themselves as to imbibe a large quantity of brandy, which they had been foolish enough to take with them, and the consequence was, they grossly insulted the ladies. This breach of decency very properly roused the indignation of the sober portion of the company, and a pitched battle came off upon the spot! The scene as related to us by an eye-witness, would have been rich had it not been so disgraceful. Curses and shouts, black eyes and bloody noses, females screaming and fainting forms crowded thick upon the chequered horizon of action; petticoats fluttered as signals of distress, shirts were torn, corset-lacers snapped, hair-pins displaced, and tears and threats discharged, until a general melee of the most inglorious nature culminated in the stormy sky. The drunken party were finally vanquished, and a general cessation of arms, including those firmly clasped about the neck of the resolute defenders of insulted modesty, took place. Then with "melancholy steps and slow," returned the *pic nickers*, but as Virgil hath it,

Quantum mutatus ab illo, which bright and joyous in the morning pressed the budding verdure with their elastic step. It affords us unmitigated pleasure to state the brutal bacchanals received a sound drubbing which we hope will furnish them a code of decency for the future, and which will certainly render the memory of their shameful conduct upon the occasion physically as well as mentally painful.—*Cin. Com.*

**MURDERERS CONVICTED.**—The reader will be gratified to learn that two of the desperadoes who murdered Justice Brewer and his wife, last February, in Greenup county, Ky., have been convicted and sentenced to be hung on the 25th of next month. Their names are John Collins and Turner Clark. Three others remain to be tried. The circumstances of these murders, it will be remembered, were, that these parties went to the premises of Brewer in the dead of the night, and by making the chickens squall, brought them out of the house, when they set on them and beat them to death with clubs. The murdered couple left five children, the eldest but eleven years of age. The testimony in the case showed that Collins had induced the others, one of whom is his son-in-law, to commit the horrid deed, he in the mean time staying at home. It was one of the most brutal and outrageous murders that has yet disgraced our country, and we are rejoiced that the perpetrators are to suffer the penalty.—*Cin. Eng. May 28.*

**LOST AND WON.**—A young miss of Dayton, who was so unfortunate as to have two beaux to her string, left her home one day last week, on a pleasure excursion to this city by railroad, in company with one of her lovers. On the way it was concluded to have the nuptial knot tied here. Arrangements were made accordingly on their arrival, and while lover number one was gone with a friend for a license, lover number two arrived in town, and ascertaining the hotel at which they had taken rooms, hastened to her and told how his pure heart was her's. She listened and decided. In less than ten minutes they were, with another gentleman and lady, en route to Dayton in a private carriage belonging to a gentleman of this city.—The maiden was safely deposited in her father's house, and on day before yesterday was wedded to the one who pursued and rescued her. Lover number one, we presume, will either drown or shoot himself, or else make up his mind that "there are as good fish in the sea yet as ever were caught."—*Cin. Com.*

**BEAT THIS, WHO CAN?**—Mr. Garrett Sharp, of Westerville, raised six bushels of potatoes in one season, from a single potatoe. This potatoe was cut in forty pieces, and one piece put in a hill. Mr. Sharp is an old resident, and a practical man. He has also succeeded in raising a very fine variety of potatoes from the seed balls.

**STRANGE.**—We noticed the marriage of Mr. John H. Strange to Miss Elizabeth Strange. It is a little strange, but we think the next event will be a little stranger.—*St. Louis Sentinel.*

There was a heavy frost in the vicinity of Pittsburgh, on last Thursday week, which did considerable injury to the strawberry and other tender plants.

## TELEGRAPHIC.

Reported for the Louisville Courier.

## ARRIVAL OF THE Steamship CAMBRIA.

HALIFAX, May 26.

The Cambria arrived here this afternoon at 11 o'clock. She left Liverpool on the 15th.

The Arctic arrived at Liverpool on the 12th.

In Parliament the militia bill was being discussed.

The India mail arrived.

Cotton is active, at a shade advance.—The week's sales were 111,000, of which 85,000 were American.

The Glasgow arrived at Greenock on the 13th inst.

On Tuesday a motion was made to consider the bill to abolish grants for religious instruction.

The resolution to abolish the tax on newspapers was rejected.

The crystal palace was sold to Sydney for an exotic garden for \$70,000.

Capt. Howard has stated that the vessels seen by him in the ice bound region were whalers and not those of Sir John Franklin.

It is rumored that Lord Glendall succeeds Earl Salhouse as Governor General of India.

Hollingshead's Circular says the market is well supplied with American cotton, and holders are firm but meet the demand freely. The advance does not exceed  $\frac{1}{4}$ . The market on Friday was active at full prices; 12,000 bales were sold; 5,000 of which was taken on speculation.

Business at Manchester was active, and accounts from the districts were satisfactory.

Breadstuffs are dull and prices are mostly nominal, except American flour, which is held firm. The arrivals of flour are 23,000 bbls.

The Parisian Bourse was heavy without decline.

The fete of May 10, was purely military, composed of 60,000 troops and 500,000 spectators. The President arrived at noon, and reviewed the soldiers, presenting the colors to the Colonels, which were surmounted by an imperial eagle. In his address he remarked that the Roman eagle, adopted by Emperor Napoleon, was the last striking emblem of the regeneration of France.

It disappeared with our misfortunes. It ought to return when France recovered from her defeats and become mistress of herself. Reserve then soldiers, these emblems, not as menaces against foreigners, but as symbols of independence, as souvenirs of that heroic epoch, and swear to die, if need be, in defence of these emblems, which so often led my uncle to victory.

NEW YORK, May 17.

Mr. John S. Thrasher, who was recently pardoned by the Spanish Government, arrived here in the steamer Atlantic.

**MOST ASTOUNDING FREAK IN NATURE.**—On Friday the 7th inst., a post mortem examination was held by Dr. Parkhurst on the body of the widow of Amos Eddy, in the town of Frankfort, Herkimer county, aged 77 years, and to their utter astonishment of all present at the time, a full grown child was found, which she had carried for the term of forty-six years. It was cased in a sort of bony or cartilaginous structure, except one leg and foot and an elbow, which were almost entirely ossified. The facts and circumstances of the above case will be published at full length in the different medical journals as soon as P finds leisure to put together the history—of which he has extensive notes—that he has kept for the last ten or twelve years, as well as of her life before and after marriage, which took place fifty-two years ago.—*Utica Observer.*

We would respectfully call the particular attention of the ladies to our stock of Fancy Stationery, such as: Note Paper, Letter Paper, Envelopes, &c., &c.

## Commercial.

### LOUISVILLE MARKET.

OFFICE OF THE COURIER

Saturday Evening May 29, 1852.

**FLOUR AND GRAIN.**—Flour in good demand. Sales to day of 100 bbls at \$3 40. Wheat continues firm at 60c. Corn we quote at 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ @38c. Oats 25@28c from wharf and stores.

**GROCERIES.**—Coffee, good Rio, sales of 50 bgs at 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ c, and a small lot at 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ c. Sugar—sales of 50 hhdts at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ c, and a few at 5 $\frac{1}{4}$  and 6c. Molasses—25 bbls Sugar-house at 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ , a few of Plantation at 33c.

**PROVISIONS.**—A much better feeling has within the present week has sprung up for these articles, with a probability that there will be a still further advance. Mess Pork we quote at \$16 50, and holders are asking \$17 00. The market, however, may be considered as unsettled. Bacon still dull; light sales of Shoulders at 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ c; Ribbed Sides at 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ c; Clear Sides at 10c. Hams, plain, 9c; bagged 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

**WHISKEY.**—Raw, at the river, at 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ c.

**CATTLE, SHEEP, AND HOGS.**—We hear of sales of 98 head of choice heaves early in the week at 6c, also a sale of 42 head at 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ c. A lot of 40 head has been contracted for, at 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ . Various sales of stock Hogs to butchers at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ @4 $\frac{3}{4}$ c. We hear of sales of sheared Sheep at \$2 50, and sales with the wool on at \$2 50@3 25 to quality.

Frederick Douglass states in his paper that, while proceeding from Cleveland to Buffalo on a steamboat, on of the employees of the boat undertook to turn him from the supper-table, but was commanded to desist by a stranger, who proclaimed that he was a "Southerner," and secured the "colored orator" from further annoyance. He subsequently ascertained that the stranger was Mr. Marshall, member of Congress from California. So says the *New York Evening Post*.—*Pennsylvanian.*

Ned Marshall always does just what he pleases, and he sometimes pleases to do very eccentric things, but we never expected to hear of his showing a disposition to get into a fight in order to secure a very black negro the privilege of eating at the same table with himself.—*Lou. Journal.*

## New Advertisements.

### Clothing! Clothing!!

WE have on hand and will continue to keep, a large supply of Gentleman's Ready made Clothing, such as VESTS, PANTS, COATS, &c., &c., which we will sell lower than they can be bought at any other town in the State. If you do not believe us, give us a call and try us.

Also;

We would announce to the Ladies that we have a full supply of Fancy and Dry Goods of every style and pattern, which we will sell low. All those who wish the full worth of their money would do well to call on us.

**MAAS & ROTHCHILD.** Remember the Store at CUNNINGHAM'S old stand, Main street, Springfield Ky. We sell for cash or Country Produce; such as the articles of trade usual to the country. Springfield, Ky., June 2 6m.

### House for Sale!!!

ON MONDAY the 7th day of June, I will offer to the highest bidder on a credit of 6, 9, & 12 months, with interest from date, (if not disposed of before the above date,) the two story double open front Brick House in Lebanon, Ky., known as the Drug Store, and built in 1849. Said building is conveniently arranged for a family and store room, containing four large and airy rooms with a brick kitchen attached to it by a back porch 12 feet wide. The lower front room, forty feet long by 16 wide is neatly fitted up with shelving, drawers, counter, &c., suitable for any kind of mercantile business. This property is now in good repair neatly papered and painted throughout, and is now under rent at ten per cent. on the amount asked for it which would make it a safe investment, and of course the price is low and title good. Possession may be had if desired the first June 1853. Bond and approved security will be required for the purchase money. Lebanon, June 2. C. A. PORTER.

### PLANTER'S HOTEL.

THE undersigned would respectfully announce to the public that he has taken the PLANTER'S HOTEL, situated on the south side of Main between Seventh and Eighth streets, and has refurnished it throughout with entire new furniture, and is now prepared to accommodate those who may favor the house with patronage, in as comfortable a style as any other house in the city and on reasonable terms. He has several large and comfortable rooms suitable for families.

L. P. CRENSHAW, PROPRIETOR.

N. B. The Bar is at all times supplied with the most choice selection of liquors, cigars, &c. Louisville Ky., May 15, 1852.

SELLING off at reduced prices by D. & W. D. PHILLIPS.

### NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.

JOHN W. CHANDLER has just received and opened an extensive and well selected stock of SPRING & SUMMER DRY GOODS, consisting in part of French, English and American Dry Goods; Plain Black and Fancy Silks; Printed Gendane Silks; Silk Barages; Barage Delaines; Lawns; Gingham Prints; &c., &c., Gloves and Hosiery of every description; Straw Bonnets; Crape Shawls, &c., &c.

FOR GENTLEMEN.

I have Cloths; Cassimeres; Tweeds; Cottons; Linen goods and Vestings; Molekins; Kosuth and Silk Hats. I keep also Hardware, Queensware and Glassware. Boots, Shoes, Groceries &c.; together with an endless variety of Goods usually kept in stores. I invite my customers and the purchasers of Goods generally, one and all, to call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, having determined to sell at prices unusually low.

JOHN W. CHANDLER.

Lebanon, May 12, 1852, if

Sugar.

15 HOGSHEADS OF SUGAR now receiving and for sale by JOHN W. CHANDLER.

### CABINET MAKING.

THE SUBSCRIBER would respectfully announce to the citizens of Lebanon and Marion county that he still continues to manufacture on the most reasonable terms and in the most workmanlike manner, all articles usually kept in establishments of the kind; such as:

Fine, Marble-top, and common Bureaus, Fine and common Bedsteads, all sizes, Spring Mattresses, Tables, large and small, &c., &c. All of which he will sell on as reasonable terms as they can be bought for in any town in Kentucky. Than full for past favors, I would solicit, and hope to deserve by punctuality to business, a continuance of the patronage hitherto extended to me. A. S. HARDY. May 12, 1852, if

### Wanted.

THE SUBSCRIBER will pay CASH for Likely Young NEGROES, at all times. Wm. W. CLEVER. Lebanon, Ky., May 12, 31.

### RECEIVED THIS DAY—

N. O. S. 1, 2 and 3, MacKerrel; Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Molasses and Chesapeake. A. J. GREEN & CO.

FANCY PLAIN and ornamented Candies of every variety, suitable for Christmas presents; received and for sale by Dec 20 A. J. GREEN & CO.







## Select Poetry.

From the Portland Transcript.

### OUR KATY.

BY EMILY S. PAGE.

There's a pattering of light footsteps  
Across the sunned floor,  
And a face like the laughing sunshine  
Peeps in at the half-shut door;  
'Tis a vision of dream-like beauty,  
With tresses of paly gold,  
And eyes like the violet blossoms  
That first to the Spring unfold.

With a brow like the first pure snow-flake  
That floats to the frozen earth,  
And lips all dimpled, and parting  
With a smile of bewitching mirth;  
Half hid by the trembling shadow  
That robs her mystical grace,  
Is seen through the opening portal  
The light of her beautiful face.

One look of endearing welcome,  
And I fold my thrilling arms  
And hide on my thrilling bosom  
The wealth of her glowing charms;  
One moment she lends her sweet presence,  
One moment she lingers and smiles,  
And the light of her loving spirit  
The gloom of my heart beguiles.

Then away, with a fawn-like footstep,  
She glides o'er the sunned floor,  
And the voice of her silvery laughter  
Floats back through the open door.  
She is gone, like a gust of music  
Breathed out in the pathless air,  
Like a rainbow, that archeth the heavens  
To bend but a moment there.

Yet there dwells in my innermost spirit  
The light which her gladness brought,  
And my soul with a thousand bright visions  
And a thousand sweet fancies is fraught.

## Miscellaneous.

### Origin of the Maine Liquor Law.

We copy the following from a correspondent of the Carson League, writing from Albany, New York:

On Wednesday evening we attended a large Temperance Mass Meeting, which was addressed by the celebrated Hawkins, of Baltimore. He gave the occasion or cause of the Maine Law. He said at a Washington meeting in Portland there was a confirmed drunkard, who was impoverished and bowed to the dust, by drinking, came up to sign the pledge, followed by his miserable wife. So soon as he signed it, she burst into tears, and followed him back to her seat. After this, the drunkard (Sweet was his name) went to work and picked up a piece of furniture here, and another there, and supplied his house with necessities and comforts, then he bought him a little cottage, and lived for seven years happily with his little family. After so long a time, he entered a splendid drinking saloon in the city and he was made dead drunk. It was given out that he was dead. They laid him on a truck and took him home. His wife came to the door to receive his corpse, but so soon as she saw he was drunk she screamed in agony. He was carried into a chamber and put on a bed, and she sat by his side until he came to his senses. She then asked him where he got his liquor. He refused to tell. She locked the door, and threw the key out of the window to her little boy, and directed him not to unlock the door until she told him to.

She then told her husband he should not leave the chamber, neither would she leave it until he told her where he got his liquor. For a long time he refused, but finally told her he would always have her way, and he said he got it at Cole's. Cole kept a splendid saloon, and he got poor Sweet in and got him drunk. She then ordered the door open, and put on her bonnet. "Where are you going?" said Sweet. "I am going to Cole's." "Don't go there," said he, "you will disgrace yourself." "I shall not disgrace myself so much as you have disgraced me," and off she went to Cole's. She found some young men in this splendid rum hole. She told Cole who she was, and commenced begging him not to sell her husband liquor, and told her melting story. He cursed her and told her to leave. She refused, and fell upon her knees and begged in the most pitiful terms. He began to talk obscenely to her, and aroused her indignation. She then seized him by the collar, and held him with one hand, as in a vice. With the other hand she slapped his face, back and forth, until he was most severely chastised, and then left for home. The young men who were present, then told the rum-seller he well deserved his flogging. It was an infamous shame to insult a woman he had so wronged, when she came to plead with him in such a manner.

Well, the next day Sweet came home drunk again, and so the next, and the next, when she found he got liquor at Cole's again. She immediately started for Cole's and found about 150 men surrounding an auctioneer, who was crying off goods before the door of Cole's saloon. Her former visit to Cole's was known over the city, and had caused general talk, and she had become generally known. She dodged into the saloon, and the people at the auction, seeing her go in, pushed in after her, and left the auctioneer alone. They said, "there goes Mrs. Sweet, another battery!" As she entered, she saw her husband in the act of raising the cup to his lips. He dropped his cup and escaped through the back door. She then began to talk to Cole as before; and he talked to her as before. When he commenced his obscenity, she went inside the bar and seized Cole by the collar with her left hand and ran her clenched fist in his face with her right hand, until it was well pounded, and then shoving him out head first, kicked him as he fell into the street. She then entered the bar and surveyed the splendid bottles and furniture. In her indignation she at once broke all the bottles, and set all the cocks of the barrels of liquor running. Then she saw a show box of toys and sugar things, and said:

"Look there, a trap for our children: to draw them here and make them drunkards!" She found an old jug with some liquor in it and emptied its contents all over the toys and ruined them. She then saw a large looking glass. "There," she said, "a thing put up for drunkards to see their faces." She took a jug and hurled it against the glass and broke it to pieces.

About this time another rum-seller rushed in and addressed the audience, "why will you stand here and see so much property destroyed?" The woman then rushed at him, saying, "and you are another scoundrel." Having destroyed everything, she went into the street for home and met the mayor and two or three policemen, and she said to them, "how have you done your duties? You are in office to protect me, and my husband, and our children; and if you have left us to be murdered by this man, and you won't protect us I will take the law into my own hands." The multitude cheered her, and the Sheriff returned, acknowledging the justice of her complaint. The wide spread story of this transaction, Mr. Hawkins said, begot the "Maine Liquor Law."

### Wolf-Dogs of Hungary.

Each shepherd keeps a number of wolf dogs to assist in the management and care of the sheep, who learn to obey the dogs as readily as they would the shepherd himself. To these dogs is often entrusted, for hours, the entire charge of a flock of sheep, which they will frequently bring home from the pasture without the aid of a shepherd and without suffering a single sheep to wander from the flock. The manner in which the shepherd obtains these dogs is somewhat singular and almost incredible. They are obtained from a litter of wolf puppies, and in the following manner. When a shepherd discovers a newborn litter of wolves he watches the lair until the puppies are nine days old, at which age they have their eyes open, and the mother, for the first time, takes them to the nearest brook to drink.

The shepherds, being on the look out, follow them with their rifles. When the wolves have arrived at the water, they commence drinking, while the mother eagerly watches each pup; and if she perceives any one or more lapping the water with their tongues, in the same manner as that in which a dog drinks, she instantly kills it, while those that drink by sucking the water, as horses do, are taken back to their lair. At the time of drinking, if the shepherds perceive that there is one of the pups that laps the water as above stated, they instantly shoot the mother, and having secured the objects of their search, despatch the remainder of the cubs. The wolf pups thus obtained constitute their wolf-dogs, and the above is the only manner in which they obtain them. They differ somewhat from wolves, being larger and stronger, and having five toes on a foot instead of four. They are very easily taught, and become exceedingly hostile to the wolves, who always, if possible, avoid them.

It is not known by what causes the she-wolf is made to produce dogs and wolves at the same birth, but the fact is so, and it is likewise of frequent occurrence.

**RAILROAD AFFAIRS.**—Mr. A. L. Greer, Agent of the Covington and Lexington Railroad Company, reached home, a few days since, from New York, whither he had been on business connected with the road. We learn that Mr. G. accomplished the objects of his mission in the most satisfactory manner. Between \$100,000 and \$200,000 of Covington bonds were sold at rates between 91 and 95, and \$40,000 of the Fayette County bonds at a rate above 90.

Mr. Greer contracted with a responsible company for the transportation of five thousand tons of iron from Pittsburgh, three hundred tons to be delivered a week, and the delivery to commence on the 10th of this month. In this contract and by procuring a reduction of tolls, Mr. G. saves to the Railroad Co. between \$12,000 and \$15,000 on the estimated cost of transportation.

At the instance of the Railroad company, the delivery of the English iron has been deferred until November next.

A few of the Covington and Fayette bonds have been sent to Europe, and from late advices there is every reason to believe that bonds possessing the character these do, will meet with ready sale, on favorable terms.

We understand Mr. Greer will return to the East on Monday next, to complete arrangements for the transportation of the iron from Pittsburgh to this point, and to attend to other business connected with the road. It is probable he will visit Europe before his return to this place.

Covington Journal.

**SLAPPED WITH A HAND-SAW.**—Of all the queer culprit punishment we ever heard, the sentence of a Judge Lynch court, carried into execution on the person of an offending Mexican, at or near Stockton, takes the lead by "a considerable." The Turkish bastinado sinks into complete insignificance compared to it, and the Russian knout emphatically "nowhere." His honor, Judge Lynch, must be a most facetious judge, and his method of dispensing justice in the latitude of Stockton is certainly unique and original. A Mexican was caught stealing wood, and was taken and tried before Judge Lynch, who sentenced him to be "slapped with a hand-saw, and whipped; which punishment," says one of the Stockton papers, "was administered, and he was set at liberty." A ride upon a seven sided pine rail must be a perfect luxury compared to this being "slapped with a hand-saw."—*Alta Californian.*

**DEFINITION OF GENTLEMAN.**—One who has no business in this world, and not much in the next.

"My dear Eva," writes "Fanny Fern," in reply to another lady contributor of the Boston Olive Branch, "Bless your soul I can't love a woman! I had as lief take a dose of physic! It was never intended I should; it's a waste of powder; life is too short for such a folly! There's no use in mincing matters, my dear; (I never could tell a lie, and I've tried more than a hundred times) women never make decent friends to their own sex; they are always telling each other's secrets, and pulling each other's caps and characters to pieces, and throwing dust in each other's eyes or scratching 'em out. I wouldn't trust a woman with my middle name, if I didn't want the Sandwich Islanders to hear it before sunset. They make glorious friends to the other sex, (as I'll show you, if you'll introduce me to Adam!) I'll like you, if you say so, but as to loving you, that's a little luxury I reserve (mercy on us! what am I talking about?)"

**Railway Official.**—"You'd better not smoke, Sir!"

**Traveler.**—"That's what my friends say."

**R. O.**—"But you mustn't smoke, Sir!"

**T.**—"So my Doctor tells me."

**R. O.**—"Indignantly." "But you shan't smoke, Sir!"

**T.**—"Ah! just what my wife says."

**A WISE DISTINCTION.**—When the Earl of B— was brought before Lord Loughborough, to be examined upon application for a statute of lunacy against him, the Chancellor asked him, "How many legs has a sheep?"

"Does your Lordship mean," answered B—, "a live or a dead one?"

"Is not the same thing?" asked the Chancellor.

"Oo, my Lord," said B—, "there is much difference: a live sheep has four, a dead one but two—there are but two legs of mutton, the others are shoulders."

**LITERARY.**—In a recent ride to Peoria, we discovered the following literary placard upon a gate post:

"fer Sail a Two Storry Hows And brn the Oner expet to Go To californy."

We had the curiosity to enquire, and found that intelligent "Oner" was not a subscriber to any paper.—*Galesbury News Letter.*

Well, George, asked a friend of a young lawyer, who had been "admitted," about a year, "how do you like your profession?" The reply was accompanied by a brief sigh to suit the occasion; "my profession is much better than my practice."

**UNPLEASANT, VERY.**—The Boston Gazette describes a funny incident which took place in that city. It appears that a lady whose notions of propriety would not permit her to visit the public theatre to see Lola Montes, determined to have a look at the dancer off the stage. Lola lodged at the hotel where the lady boarded, so after the dancer returned from the theatre, the lady walked softly to the door and peeped in through the crack. Judge of her surprise when she saw her own husband seated at the table taking a cozy oyster supper with the object of her abhorrence.—*Lou. Courier.*

Show us a woman who pays \$100 for a shawl, and we will show you a woman who will run all over town to get her husband's shirts made "sixpence cheaper."

## PROSPECTUS OF THE LEBANON POST.

Enough has been said and wrote upon the innumerable advantages arising out of having a newspaper in a County; I will not, therefore, enlarge upon this point. Feeling convinced that the people of Marion wish an establishment of the kind in their county, I have consented, after many solicitations, to make a trial; let us see what will be the result. I had partially made my arrangements to move upon the Ohio river, but if the people of Marion will show, by subscribing liberally for the "POST," that they want a paper, we will succumb to their wishes, and settle amongst them.

**THE POST**, will be strictly NEUTRAL in Politics and Religion, in all things else perfectly INDEPENDENT; expressing freely the views of the Editor and his Correspondents, on the passing events of the day, local matters, &c. I am decidedly in favor of Railroad communication in Kentucky, being firmly convinced that in that way alone, can our beloved State keep up with the advancement of the age and her older Sister-States. I am particularly in favor of a communication of this kind across the State, and thus giving us a direct intercourse with the great southern mart; being convinced that such an intercourse would redound to the benefit of all classes, and that the proposed route through Marion County is the best location in the state, and believe firmly that it can and will be run. We will advocate, conditionally, to the best of our ability, this truly beneficial enterprise and solicit the pens of others.

**THE POST**, will be dedicated to News, Agriculture, Tales, Poetry, Anecdotes, &c. &c. Nothing shall appear in its columns of a hurtful or demoralizing tendency to the mind; in a word, it shall be a FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

**THE POST**, will be issued weekly, on every Wednesday, on an imperial sheet at \$2 per year in advance, \$2 50 if paid in six months, or \$3 if the payment is delayed until the end of the year. Wishing to commence on the last of April or the first of May, I would be gratified to receive all my prospectuses, crowded with names before that time.

W. W. JACK,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

## A. J. Green & Co.

A. J. GREEN.

W. C. JARBOE.

### A. J. GREEN & CO.

GROCERS AND PRODUCE DEALERS.

One door East of Platt & Bosley, Springfield Ky.

### New

### FAMILY GROCERY.

A. J. GREEN & CO.

WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Springfield and Washington Co., that they are in receipt of a large and well selected stock of Family Groceries of every variety, which they offer for sale low for cash, or exchange for Country Produce, on Dec. 20th.

**Candies, Dates, Oranges, Apples, Kisses, Prunes, Lemons, Figs,** received and for sale by A. J. GREEN & CO.

**SUNDRIES.**—30 Jars Pickles, 26 Jars Preserves, Fresh Peaches, Preserved Peaches and Quinces, Pea Nuts, Cream Nuts, Filberts and almonds, Oysters and Sardines, Soda Biscuits, &c., &c. received and for sale by A. J. GREEN & CO.

**40 BBL'S McKENZIE'S Family FLOUR** received and for sale by A. J. GREEN & CO. mar. 13.

**50 BUSH. HEMP SEED,** for sale by A. J. GREEN & CO. mar. 13.



## JOB PRINTING!!

Having opened a large and complete JOB OFFICE, in LEBANON Marion County, Ky., I offer my services to the public generally. I am ready at all times to do up on the shortest notice, on the most reasonable terms, and in a manner to give entire satisfaction. Pamphlets, Cards, Blanks, Labels, Posters, &c. &c. Should you want any thing done in my line, just bring it along.

W. W. JACK.



### Stoves! Stoves!!

H. R. GREENE.

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND a full assortment of COOKING STOVES of the very latest and best patterns. He would respectfully invite the public to call and examine his stock. Also; 6 and 10 plate, and Parlor Stoves, of any pattern desired, can be furnished on the shortest notice.

**TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE.** Of every description, kept constantly on hand. Also; Brass Stew-Kittles of the very best quality. And other articles usually found in a Tin-ner's shop.

I am prepared to do any amount of Guttering or Roofing on the shortest notice, and at Louisville prices, and warrant my work to give entire satisfaction.

The highest prices given in cash or trade for old Copper and Pewter.

H. R. GREENE.

Springfield Ky., Oct. 4, y

### J. HASKINS

ATTORNEY AT LAW, will attend courts in Washington, Mercer, &c.; and Courts of Appeals. All business confided to him will be strictly and faithfully attended to. Springfield, August 23, 1851.

### STRADER'S HOTEL.

FORMERLY THE PEARL STREET HOUSE, Pearl street, between Main and Market, LOUISVILLE, KY.

By D. W. Strader.

THIS old established and well known hotel has been entirely refitted and refurnished in the most comfortable style, and is now opened for the accommodation of the public. It is located in the center of the business part of the city, being mid-way between the Mail Boat and general Packet Landing and the Post Office. No pains or expense will be spared in order to render the guests of the house comfortable and at ease, and therefore a share of public patronage is respectfully solicited. Sept. 20, 1851, 3m.

### J. R. JENKINS,

Wholesale and Retail GROCERY & PRODUCE STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER having purchased the entire stock of R. P. EDELEN, in the old stand of Jarboe & Edelen; would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. I intend to keep constantly on hand every variety of Family Groceries such as:

Loaf Sugar, Molasses, Brown Sugar, Spices, Coffee, Liquors, Tea, Wines, Candies, Cordials, Preserves, Beer, Cider, Pickles, Os, Crockery Ware, Cheese, Nails, Hardware, and all other articles usually kept in an establishment of the kind.

My motto shall be, "Small profits and quick sales, for cash;" in a word, I will furnish any amount of Groceries at a small per cent on cost and carrying.

All kinds of Country produce taken in exchange at liberal prices. J. R. JENKINS Springfield, Ky., Oct. 4, 1851, 6m

## St. Joseph's College,

BARDSTOWN, KY.

THIS Institution is situated in Bardstown. The site is beautiful and healthy; the buildings are stately and very extensive. The playing grounds are spacious and handsomely set with trees. The professors are from twelve to fifteen in number, and exclusively devoted to the instruction of those intrusted to their care.

Board, washing and tuition in all or any of the branches taught, per session of 10 1-2 months, \$150.00 Extra charges, at the option of the parents, are

1. For the use of Instruments in Natural Philosophy or Chemistry, \$10.00
  2. For the class of Mineralogy and Geology, 5.00
  3. For Music or Dancing, per quarter, each, 10.00
  4. For Painting or Drawing, per quarter, each, 5.00
  5. For Board in the College during the vacation, per week, 2.00
  6. For use of bed and bedding, per session, 8.00
- For further particulars apply, by letter, to the President.

N. B. The Collegiate exercises were resumed on the 2d of September.

## THE BRITISH PERIODICALS.

AND THE

### FARMER'S GUIDE.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,

No. 54 Gold street, New York.

CONTINUE to publish the four leading British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine; in addition to which they have recently commenced the publication of a valuable Agricultural work, called the "FARMER'S GUIDE TO SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE."

By HENRY STEPHENS, F. R. S., of Edinburgh, author of the "Book of the Farm," &c., &c.; assisted by JOHN P. NORTON, M. A., New Haven, Professor of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College, &c., &c. This highly valuable work will comprise two large royal octavo volumes, containing over 1400 pages, with 18 or 20 splendid steel engravings, and more than 600 engravings on wood, in the highest style of the art, illustrating almost every implement of husbandry now in use by the best farmers, the best methods of plowing, planting, haying, harvesting, &c., &c., the various domestic animals in their highest perfection; in short the pictorial feature of the book is unique, and will render it of incalculable value to the student of Agriculture.

This work is being published in Semi-monthly Numbers, of 64 pages each, exclusive of the Steel engravings, and is sold at 25 cents each, or \$5 for the entire work in numbers, of which there will be at least twenty-two.

The British Periodicals Re-published are as follows, viz: The London Quarterly Review (Conservative),

The Edinburgh Review (Whig), The North British Review (Free-Church), The Westminster Review (Liberal), and Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory).

Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their literary character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class. Blackwood, still under the masterly guidance of Christopher North, maintains its ancient celebrity, and is, at this time, unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary notables, written for that magazine, and first appearing in its columns both in Great Britain and in the United States. Such works as "The Caxtons" and "My Novel," (both by Bulwer), "My Peninsular Medal," "The Green Hand," and other serials, of which numerous rival editions are issued by the leading publishers in this country, have to be reprinted by those publishers from the pages of Blackwood, AFTER IT HAS BEEN ISSUED BY MESSRS. SCOTT & CO., so that subscribers to the reprint of that Magazine may always rely on having the EARLIEST reading of these fascinating tales.

### TERMS.

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For any one of the four Reviews \$3 00  
For any two do 5 00  
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For Farmer's Guide (complete in 22 Nos. \$5 00  
(Payment to be made in all cases in advance.)

### CLUBBING.

A discount of twenty-five per cent. from the above prices will be allowed to Clubs ordering four or more copies of any one or more of the above works. Thus: 4 copies of Blackwood or of one Review will be sent to one address for \$9; 4 copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$30; and so on.

Orders from Clubs must be sent direct to the publishers, as no discount from these prices can be allowed to Agents. LEONARD SCOTT & CO., 79 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK, Entrance 54 Gold street. Money, current in the States where issued, will be received at par. Remittances and communications should be always addressed post-paid or franked, to the Publishers.

**RAGS! RAGS! RAGS!!** 5,000 POUNDS of Rags wanted immediately at this Office, for which a liberal price in cash will be paid. Lebanon, Ky., May 5, 1852

## For 1851; New Type and New Dress!!!

The largest, best and cheapest Newspaper IN THE WEST.

### \$200 Expended in Prize Stories.

Only One Dollar A Year to Clubs, for the

## LOUISVILLE WEEKLY COURIER!

In issuing our Prospectus for the 7th year since the Weekly Courier has been under the control of the present Editor and Proprietor, it is only necessary to offer our past course as a guarantee for the future, and to say that for the year 1851, the WEEKLY COURIER will be unequalled in all its Departments.

It will be just such a paper as is needed to give zest to the social circle, prove a profitable and pleasant fireside companion, and be indispensable to the farmer, the mechanic, the merchant and the trader.

As a newspaper, it shall continue to lead all of its contemporaries in Kentucky. Everything of interest will be obtained for its columns, by telegraph and otherwise, regardless of expense.

Its Agricultural Department will receive close attention, and will prove attractive to farmers.

Its Commercial Department will be equal to what it has been heretofore. For years, the Courier has been regarded by our merchants as the only strictly reliable Commercial paper printed in Louisville.

The services of our invaluable correspondent, whose letters alone are worth more than the price charged for the Courier, will be retained. During sessions of Congress, he will favor us with daily letters, and with tri-weekly letters the remainder of the year. We have also secured the services of an able correspondent at Frankfort, and our arrangements are so complete that we can promise our readers we will be able to furnish them with the earliest, fullest and most authentic intelligence from the seats of our National and State Governments.

The Courier for 1851 will be in all respects A MODEL PAPER, and we are determined that in beauty of typography, value of matter, and in all the requisites of a first rate paper, it shall not be excelled, if, indeed, equalled, by any paper either East or West.

**TERMS.**—By adopting the cash system, and strictly adhering to it, we are enabled to furnish our paper, large as it is, at the following unprecedentedly low rates:

One copy Weekly Courier, 1 year, \$1 50  
Five copies, 6 00  
Ten do 10 00  
Twenty-one do 20 00

All orders should be addressed, post paid, to W. N. HALDEMAN, Louisville, Ky.

## COLUMBIAN AND GREAT WEST

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The continuation of our excellent series of Western Romances and Tales.

Mr. Bennett's Forrest Rose will be followed by a domestic story of Western life, founded on facts, entitled

ELLA WINSTON;  
Or, the Adventures of an Orphan Girl.

By WALTER WHITMORE, Esq., Author of "Ainslie," the "Maid of the Inn," "Love and Retribution," and other popular tales.

Mr. Whitmore is an accomplished scholar, as well as a polished and energetic writer, and his "Ella Winston" is pronounced, by good judges, to be equal if not superior to the best Western Novel ever written.

Ella Winston will be succeeded by GERALD LINCOLN; by Miss A. S. St. Clair, author of "Senora Inez," etc.

It is enough for us to say that this production is worthy of Miss St. Clair's reputation. To be finished in four numbers.

We take pleasure in informing our readers that, at a very large expense, we have succeeded in effecting an engagement with MRS. E. D. N. SOUTHWORTH.

We are further much gratified in being able to announce that we are promised another historical novel by

EMERSON BENNETT, ESQ., the incidents to be connected with the Revolutionary war. This will be ready the ensuing spring.

Each of the tales we have mentioned will be completed in a few weeks, and will not only be free from all that could offend a pure and cultivated taste, but will convey instructive and useful lessons.

L. A. HINE, ESQ., will immediately resume his valuable articles upon

### THE RESOURCES OF THE WEST.

And we are assured by MR. GALLAGHER, that the pretensions of several prominent WRITERS OF THE WEST will soon be considered.

### TERMS AS